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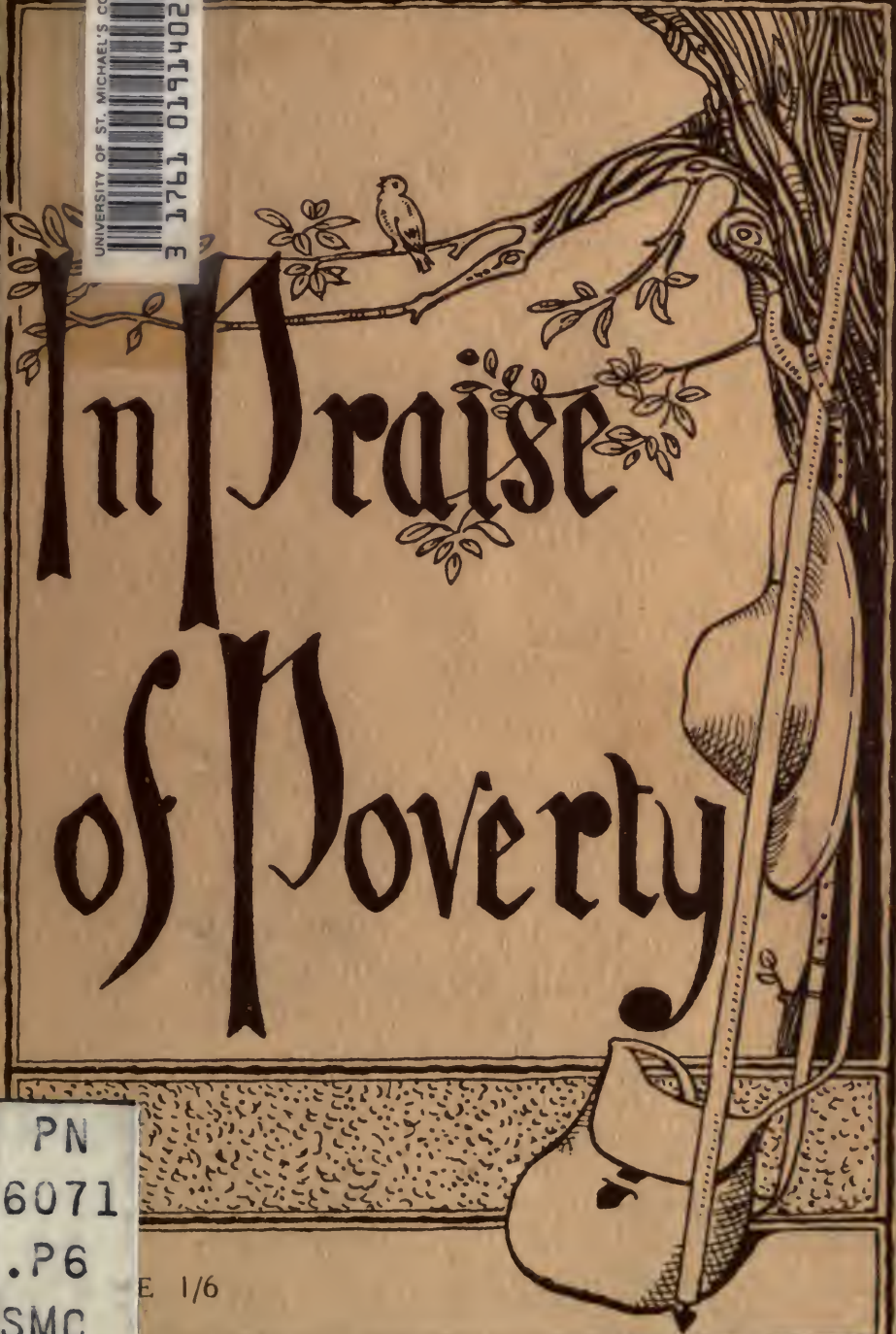


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In Praise of Poverty

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In Praise of Poverty

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Unless each man is prepared to give to the world a great deal more than he will ever get out of it, we shall never reach the millenium.

THE REV. H. R. L. SHEPPARD.

In Praise of Poverty

To the "New Poor," to the poor in spirit, who rejoice in voluntary Poverty, and to that other type of poor who are "always with you," this little volume is dedicated.

While Sayings in Praise of Poverty are many, books concerning it are few.

Yet from time immemorial, Bards and Sages have praised Poverty, in Sayings, some of which are unsurpassed in sincerity and beauty.

The Praise of Poverty, indeed, is universal. However deep the cleavage of thought between the East and the West may appear to be, upon this question they are undivided.

Though the proverbs of the people—the current speech of the market-place—prove comparatively lacking in Praise of Poverty, the higher planes of philosophic thought, of every age, yield abundant tribute to its virtues.

These collected Sayings, with a strange unity in their variety, seem to voice an age-long protest against the materialistic attitude of mind, the greed of wealth, and lust of possession, which have been primary causes of all wars in the past, and probably will be of all wars in the future, whether industrial or international.

They are not addressed to any one section of the community. On the contrary, they appeal to all, for they proclaim alike to every man, the liberty and beauty of a life freed from thought of material gain and divested of extraneous luxury.

The sole individuals to whom they will make no appeal are those to whom the word Poverty implies but unwilling penury ; for whether clad in robes of state, or beggar's rags, such are one, at heart, with Dives.

The simplicity of life to which these Sayings refer, must not, however, be confused with the sordid privation which unfits the worker for his work. Nor can it be attained by any legislative measures. It flourishes solely in the free atmosphere of individual responsibility and self-control, such as that which Saint Francis of Assisi clearly indicates in his Rules, where he exhorts and admonishes his people, "not to despise or judge those whom they see dressed in soft and gay clothing, and who use delicate food and drink," but rather, he says, "let every one judge and despise himself." For, as he adds elsewhere, "anger and trouble hinder charity in themselves and others."

We find, therefore, that Poverty in itself is not an end but only the means to many virtues.

In this collection of Sayings, it is not intended to suggest that mundane claims can be ignored ; nor, again, that those who

seek the Way of Poverty should tend to withdraw themselves from the ordinary activities of their fellows.

We cannot attempt to overlook material facts, for we are forced to admit that all who are human are "hewers of wood and drawers of water," vicariously and by proxy, if they are not actually.

The greatest exponents of the joy of the dispossessed, Christ, the Buddha and Saint Francis, in their active teaching, rank amongst the world's most tireless workers; but the lust of possession was not theirs.

Not by forsaking "the world" are the poor in spirit most truly blessed, but rather by seeking its transformation, through the alchemy of self-sacrifice, into the vigorous, living servant of the spiritual.

The enigmas of Poverty have attracted the attention of the thinkers of every age, as possessing an unusual significance for mankind.

The more closely they are examined, the deeper seem their connexion with almost every human interest.

If the implications involved in the practice of voluntary Poverty be followed to their logical conclusion, the word Poverty proves to be as pregnant with far-reaching results as that grain of mustard-seed to which the very Kingdom of Heaven was once likened.

This volume of Sayings is not intended to be an Anthology. It was written solely with the purpose of linking together, into connected form, some fragments of a message, whose words, though old, have still lost nothing of their ancient fire.

From time to time, through rising and through falling civilizations, the thought which it contains has been borne on, by successive voices throughout the Nations, like the burden of some mighty song.

It has been given to us with poetry, with humour, with philosophy, with the passion of an appeal and the earnestness of a command.

The peoples of the world to-day, however, are founding their hope of progress almost entirely upon a groundwork of material prosperity. They ignore the truth of an ancient Saying, "Nothing imperishable is won by perishable means."

Yet even in the darkest days of spiritual vision in the world's history, there will remain ever the few, from every land and clime, who will hear and heed the call to the Way of Poverty.

The Philosophy of Poverty

OUR...topic shall be Poverty, felt at all times and under all creeds as one adornment of a saintly life. Since the instinct of ownership is fundamental in man's nature, this is one more example of the ascetic paradox. Yet it appears no paradox at all, but perfectly reasonable, the moment one recollects how easily higher excitements hold lower cupidities in check....

Since Hindu fakirs, Buddhist monks, and Mohammedan dervishes unite with Jesuits and Franciscans in idealising Poverty as the loftiest individual state, it is worth while to examine into the spiritual grounds for such a seemingly unnatural opinion....

The opposition between the men who *have* and the men who *are* is immemorial. Though the gentleman, in the old-fashioned sense of the man who is well-born, has usually in point of fact been predaceous and revelled in lands and goods, yet he has never identified his essence with these possessions, but rather with the personal superiorities, the courage, generosity, and pride supposed to be his birthright. To certain huckstering kinds of consideration he thanked God he was forever inaccessible, and if in life's vicissitudes he should become destitute through their lack, he was glad to think that with his sheer valor he was all the freer to work out his salvation.... This ideal of the well-born man without possessions was embodied in knight-errantry and templardom; and, hideously corrupted as it has always been, it still dominates sentimentally, if not practically, the military and aristocratic view of life. We glorify the soldier as the man absolutely unincumbered. Owning nothing but his bare life, and willing to toss that up at any moment when the cause commands him, he is the representative of unhampered freedom in ideal directions.

WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910),
'Varieties of Religious Experience.'

IT hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people ; but that Almighty God, who disposes all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it—He only knows why—to many, whose minds He hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind.

IZAACK WALTON (1593–1683),
‘ Life of Dr. John Donne.’

’TIS, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune ; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding ; and, being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition, to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the goods of mind, without possession of those of body or fortune : and it is an error, worse than heresy, to adore those complimentary and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favours of fortune. Let providence provide for fools : ’tis not partiality, but equity, in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents. Those that are able of body and mind he leaves to their deserts ; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion ; and pieces out the defect of one by the excess of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with nature for leaving us naked ; or to envy the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures ; being provided with reason, that can supply them all.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682),
‘ Religio Medici.’

AMONG us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly, the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank-account and doomed to manual labour, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion....

One hears of the mechanical equivalent of heat. What we now need to discover in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war: something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war does, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war has proved itself to be incompatible. I have often thought that in the old monkish poverty-worship, in spite of the pedantry which infested it, there might be something like that moral equivalent of war which we are seeking. May not voluntarily accepted poverty be "the strenuous life," without the need of crushing weaker peoples?

Poverty indeed *is* the strenuous life, without brass bands or uniforms or hysteric popular applause or lies or circumlocutions; and when one sees the way in which wealth-getting enters as an ideal into the very bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether a revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be "the transformation of military courage," and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of....

There are thousands of conjunctures in which a wealth-bound man must be a slave, whilst a man for whom poverty has no terrors becomes a free-man. Think of the strength which personal indifference to poverty would give us if we were devoted to unpopular causes. We need no longer hold our tongues or fear to vote the revolutionary or reformatory ticket. Our stocks might fall, our hopes of promotion vanish, our salaries stop, our club doors close in our faces ; yet, while we lived, we would imperturbably bear witness to the spirit, and our example would help to set free our generation. The cause would need its funds, but we its servants would be potent in proportion as we personally were contented with our poverty.

I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilisation suffers.

WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910),

‘Varieties of Religious Experience.’

IF you wished to breed lions, you would not care about the costliness of their dens, but about the habits of the animals ; so, if you attempt to preside over your citizens, be not so anxious about the costliness of the buildings as careful about the manly character of those who dwell in them.

If you wish your house to be well managed, imitate the Spartan Lycurgus. For as he did not fence his city with walls, but fortified the inhabitants by virtue and preserved the city always free ; so do you not cast around your house a large court and raise high towers, but strengthen the dwellers by good will and fidelity and friendship, and then nothing harmful will enter it, not even if the whole band of wickedness shall array itself against it.

EPICETUS (A.D. 50),

(Trans. by George Long).

SELF-TRUST is the essence of heroism....Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body....

The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendour of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belong to city feasts....

It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882),
 Essay on 'Heroism.'

IF I believed that Mammonism with its adjuncts was to continue henceforth the one serious principle of our existence, I should reckon it idle to solicit remedial measures from any Government, the disease being insusceptible of remedy.

Government can do much, but it can in no wise do all. Government, as the most conspicuous object in Society is called upon to give signal of what shall be done ; and, in many ways, to preside over, further, and command the doing of it. But the Government cannot do, by all its signalling, and commanding, what the Society is radically indisposed to do. In the long-run every Government is the exact symbol of its People, with their wisdom and unwisdom ; we have to say, Like People, like Government....

But it is my firm conviction that the "Hell of England" will cease to be that of not "making money" ; that we shall get a nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven ! I anticipate light in the human chaos, glimmering, shining more and more....Our deity no longer being Mammon, O Heavens, each man will then say to himself : " Why such deadly haste to make money ? I shall not go to Hell,

even if I do not make money ! There is another Hell I am told ! ” Competition at railway speed, in all branches of commerce and work will then abate . . . Bubble-periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will then become infrequent, steady modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few ; to be a rich Master, only the second. How the inventive Genius of England, with the whirr of its bobbins and billyrollers shoved somewhat into the backgrounds of the brain, will contrive and devise, not the cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness ! By degrees, we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, and something of Heaven’s Blessing on it.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881),
‘ Past and Present.’

I F the government is from the heart
the people will be richer and richer.
If the government is full of restrictions
the people will be poorer and poorer.

Miserable ! you rely upon coming happiness.
Happy ! you crouch under the dread of coming misery.
You may know the end from the beginning.

If a ruler is in line with Inner Life
his strategy will come right,
his bad luck will become good,
and the people will be astonished.
Things have been so for a long time.

That is why the self-controlled man*
 is just and hurts no one,
 is disinterested and does no wrong,
 is true and takes no licence ;
 he shines and offends not by his brightness.

LAO TZU (B.C. 604),
 'Tao Teh King.'

(Trans. by Dr. Isabella Mears).

**The man whose trust lies in the riches of his inner life,
 and not in outward possessions.*

WE live in an age of science abounding in the accumulation of material things. Things of the spirit must come first. Unless we cling to that, all our material prosperity, overwhelming though it may appear, will turn to a barren sceptre in our grasp.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE (20th Century),
 Independence Day Speech.

IN our mythology we have the legend that the man who performs penances for attaining immortality has to meet with temptations sent by Indra, the Lord of the Immortals. If he is lured by them he is lost. The West has been striving for centuries after its goal of immortality. Indra has sent her the temptation to try her. It is the gorgeous temptation of wealth. She has accepted it, and her civilization of humanity has lost its path in the wilderness of machinery.

This commercialism with its barbarity of ugly decorations is a terrible menace to all humanity, because it is setting up the ideal of power over that of perfection. It is making the cult of self-seeking exult in its naked shamelessness. Our nerves are more delicate than our muscles. Things that are the most precious in us are as helpless as babes when we take away from them the careful

protection which they claim from us for their very preciousness. Therefore, when the callous rudeness of power runs amuck in the broadway of humanity it scares away by its grossness the ideals which we have cherished with the martyrdom of centuries.

The temptation which is fatal for the strong is still more so for the weak. And I do not welcome it in our Indian life, even though it be sent by the Lord of the Immortals. Let our life be simple in its outer aspect and rich in its inner gain.

From the above you will know that I am not an economist. I am willing to acknowledge that there is a law of demand and supply and an infatuation of man for more things than are good for him. And yet I will persist in believing that there is such a thing as the harmony of completeness in humanity, where poverty does not take away his riches, where defeat may lead him to victory, death to immortality, and where in the compensation of Eternal Justice those who are the last may yet have their insult transmuted into a golden triumph.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (20th Century),
'Nationalism.'

LET us consider for a moment what most of the trouble and anxiety which I have referred to is about, and how much it is necessary that we be troubled, or at least, careful. It would be some advantage to live a primitive and frontier life, though in the midst of an outward civilisation, if only to learn what are the gross necessities of life, and what methods have been taken to obtain them.... For the improvements of ages have had but little influence on the essential laws of man's existence ; as our skeletons, probably, are not to be distinguished from those of our ancestors.

By the words, *necessary of life*, I mean whatever, of all that man obtains by his own exertions, has been from the first or from long use has become, so important to human life that few, if any, whether from savageness, or poverty, or philosophy, ever attempt to do without it....

The necessities of life for man in this climate may, accurately enough, be distributed under the several heads of Food, Shelter, Clothing, and Fuel ; for not till we have secured these are we prepared to entertain the true problems of life with freedom and a prospect of success....

At the present day, and in this country, as I find by my own experience, a few implements—a knife, an axe, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc., and for the studious, lamplight, stationery, and access to a few books—rank next to necessities, and can all be obtained at a trifling cost. Yet some, not wise, go to the other side of the globe, to barbarous and unhealthy regions, and devote themselves to trade for ten or twenty years, in order that they may live—that is, keep comfortably warm—and die in New England at last....

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. The ancient philosophers—Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and Greek—were a class than which none has been poorer in outward riches, none so rich in inward....

The same is true of the more modern reformers and benefactors of their race. None can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of what *we* should call voluntary poverty.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862).
'Walden.'

THERE is no sin greater than desire,
There is no misfortune greater than discontent,
There is no calamity greater than the wish to acquire,
Therefore to be satisfied is an everlasting sufficiency.

LAO TZU (B.C. 604),
'Tao Teh King.'
(Trans. by Dr. Isabella Mears).

THE essence of the Christian revelation is the proclamation of a standard of absolute values, which contradicts at every point the estimates of good and evil current in 'the world.' It is not necessary, in such an essay as this, to write out the Beatitudes, or the very numerous passages in the Gospels and Epistles in which the same lessons are enforced. It is not necessary to remind the reader that in Christianity all the paraphernalia of life are valued very lightly ; that all the good and all the evil which exalt or defile a man have their seat within him, in his own character ; that we are sent into the world to suffer and to conquer suffering ; that it is more blessed to give than to receive ; that love is the great revealer of the mysteries of life ; that we have here no continuing city, and must therefore set our affections and lay up our treasures in heaven ; that the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are not seen are eternal. This is the Christian religion. It is a form of idealism ; and idealism means a belief in absolute or spiritual values.

When applied to human life, it introduces, as it were, a new currency, which demonetises the old ; or gives us a new scale of prices, in which the cheapest things are the dearest, and the dearest the cheapest.

The world's standards are quantitative ; those of Christianity are qualitative. And being qualitative, spiritual goods are unlimited in amount ; they are increased by being shared ; and we rob nobody by taking them.

DEAN INGE (20th Century),
'Outspoken Essays.'

"TO do the best for yourself, is finally to do the best for others." Friends, our great Master said not so ; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves, but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter ; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato—if not the last actually

written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words....

It is the close of the dialogue called 'Critias,' in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens.... And this, he says, was the end; that indeed "through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in everywise great; so that, in all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and *bore lightly the burden of gold* and of possessions; for they saw that, if only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession, would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it.

"And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honour; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of Gods, whose Kingdom is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling-place, which from heaven's centre overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said"—

The rest is silence. : So ended are the last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of

riches ; this idol of yours ; this golden image, high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura : this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith ; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come ; or, worse than catastrophe, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life for all men as for yourselves—if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence ; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace ; then, and so sanctifying wealth into “ common-wealth,” all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen’s duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900),
 ‘ Crown of Wild Olive.’

FOR the kingdom of God is not meat and drink ; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Romans xiv.

AS for gold and silver, we must tell them that they are in perpetual possession of a divine species of the precious metals placed in their souls by the gods themselves, and therefore have no need of the earthly ore ; that in fact it would be profanation to pollute their spiritual riches by mixing them with the possession of mortal gold, because the world’s coinage has been the cause of countless impieties, whereas theirs is undefiled : therefore to them, as distinguished from the rest of the people, it is forbidden to handle

or touch gold or silver, or enter under the same roof with them, or to wear them on their dresses, or to drink out of the precious metals. If they follow these rules, they will be safe themselves and the saviours of the city : but whenever they come to possess lands, and houses, and money of their own, they will be householders and cultivators instead of guardians, and will become hostile masters of their fellow-citizens rather than their allies ; and so they will spend their whole lives, hating and hated, plotting and plotted against, standing in more frequent and intense alarm of their enemies at home than of their enemies abroad ; by which time they and the rest of the city will be running on the very brink of ruin.

‘The Republic of Plato,’ Book III.

(B.C. 427-347).

THOSE who would build our civilization on the basis of materialism only will find themselves on the pathway to perdition.

Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD (20th Century).

NO one will dispute that the world to-day is indulging in an orgy of egoism. All classes are egoistic—the capitalist, the commercial, the political, the working class ; the churches also cannot be exonerated from the charge. Profiteering, strikes, lock-outs, all are evidence of the fact that everyone is out to get what he can for himself, without thought of others. Bolshevism, which sacrifices for one section of society every other section ; Sinn Feinism, which means literally “Ourselves alone,” are modern epitomes of egoism run riot....

The laws controlling the evolution of society are indeed the exact reverse of those responsible for the evolution of the individual. In the jangle stage of life, the

keynote of success is satisfaction—egoism—and the most valuable qualities are physical. When there is no social law, and everyone has to fight literally for his existence, physical force decides survival, and the physically weaker perish. In short, egoism and physical force are essentials of survival. But in social life the keynote of success is self-sacrifice—altruism—and the most valuable qualities are spiritual ideals and moral obligations—the obligations of one individual to another, of one class to another, of one nation to another. If the rich, for instance, are not willing to sacrifice some of the riches they have secured in the struggle for survival, in other words to be taxed, and heavily taxed, for the benefit of those who have been less successful in the struggle : if the workers are not willing to make some concessions in the way of liberty, time, and energy, for the benefit of the community : if employers whittle wages down to the lowest living wage, and if the workers, in revenge, give the scantiest minimum of labour : if all fight together to exhaustion, on every possible occasion, by strikes and lock-outs—the result is social ruin, and society cannot hold together ; for trade and prosperity no longer tamely follow the flag, they follow peace. In short, not egoism and the physical forces, but altruism and the moral and spiritual forces, are the essentials of social survival.

Mrs. M. A. STOBART,

The Hibbert Journal, April, 1922.

THIS know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.

For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud.

2 Timothy iii.

IN each human heart terror survives
 The ravin it has gorged. The loftiest fear
 All that they would disdain to think were true :
 Hypocrisy and Custom make their minds
 The fanes of many a worship now outworn.
 They dare not devise good for man's estate,
 And yet they know not that they do not dare.
 The good want power but to weep barren tears :
 The powerful goodness want—worse need for them :
 The wise want love : and those who love want wisdom :
 And all best things are thus confused to ill.
 Many are strong and rich, and would be just,
 But live among their suffering fellow-men
 As if none felt : they know not what they do . . .
 The nations thronged around, and cried aloud,
 As with one voice, " Truth, Liberty and Love ! "
 Suddenly fierce confusion fell from heaven
 Among them : there was strife, deceit and fear :
 Tyrants rushed in, and did divide the spoil.
 This was the shadow of the truth I saw.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822),
 ' Prometheus Unbound.'

WAR is just the fruition, on a national scale, of a habit of thought and will, cultivated and fostered by the conditions in which people ordinarily have to get their living. As long as these conditions encourage the desire to get, rather than the love of giving, and put a premium on possession instead of on service, so long will the world be liable to war.

If humanity is not to be crucified again in this way, industrial conditions must be so changed that the children are not encouraged and even forced by them to form these habits of thought and will.

Rev. E. J. HAWKINS (20th Century),
 ' The Child.'

THE peacemakers are precisely those who strive against strife, who pacify and establish concord. Love of self is the root of every war—love of self which becomes love of riches, pride of possession, envy of them who are more richly endowed, and contempt for the humble.

GIOVANNI PAPINI (20th Century),
 ‘The Story of Christ.’
 (Trans. by Mary Prichard Agnetti.)

HE who owns nothing, to nothing attached—him call I Brahmin

Who no more clings to delight than water to petal of lotus or mustard-seed to point of awl—him do I call Brahmin.

Haunting the company neither of householder nor ascetic, having no home, wanting but little—such an one call I Brahmin.

Friendly among the hostile, tranquil among the turbulent, amid the grasping, ungrasping—such an one call I Brahmin.

From whom lust and hatred and pride and envy have fallen away like the mustard-seed from the point of the awl—him call I Brahmin—

From the ‘Dhammapada,’ or ‘Way of Truth.’
 (5th Century B.C.)

(Trans. by Silacara (Bhikkhu).)

DETACHMENT and purity go hand in hand, for purity is but detachment of the heart; and where these are present they bring with them that humble spirit of obedience which expresses detachment of will. We may therefore treat them as three manifestations of one thing: which thing is Inward Poverty. “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven,” is the motto of all pilgrims on this road....

"In detachment the spirit finds quiet and repose, for coveting nothing, nothing wearies it by elation; and nothing oppresses it by dejection, because it stands in the centre of its own humility. For as soon as it covets anything it is immediately fatigued thereby."

It is not love but lust—the possessive case, the very food of self-hood—which poisons the relation between the self and the external world and "immediately fatigues" the soul. . . .

Accept Poverty, however, demolish ownership, the verb "to have" in every mood and tense and this downward drag is at an end. At once the Cosmos belongs to you and you to it. You escape the heresy of separateness, are "made one," and merged in "the greater life of the All." Then, a free spirit in a free world, the self moves upon its true orbit undistracted by the largely self-imposed responsibilities of ordinary earthly existence.

This was the truth which St. Francis of Assisi grasped and applied with the energy of a reformer and the delicate originality of a poet to every circumstance of the inner and the outer life. This noble liberty it is which is extolled by his spiritual descendant Jacopone da Todi, in one of his most magnificent odes :—

Poverta alto sapere
a nulla cosa sojacere
en desprezo possedere
tutte le cose create. . . .

Dio non alberga en core stretto
tant' e grande quantai affecto
povertate ha si gran pecto
che ci alberga deitate. . . .

Povertate e nulla havere
et nulla cosa poi volere
et omne cosa possedere
en spirito de libertate.

(Oh Poverty, high wisdom ! to be subject to nothing
and by despising all to possess all created things..

God will not lodge in a narrow heart ; and it is as great
as thy love.

Poverty has so ample a bosom that Deity itself may
lodge therein..

Poverty is naught to have and nothing to desire :
but all things to possess in the spirit of liberty.)

EVELYN UNDERHILL (20th Century),
'An Introduction to Mysticism.'

THE joy which is dependent upon the possession of the
merely visible and material can never reach the inmost
spirit of man, even were such possession not, at best, un-
certain and of its nature transitory. Nay, the joy of life,
which springs from man's own spirit, is impossible to him
whose heart is set upon the merely external world. For
the spiritual and the material are in immediate aspect a
simple antithesis ; so that where the one is, the other
cannot be. "You cannot serve God and mammon."

FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C. (20th Century),
Commentary on 'The Lady Poverty.'

AND Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine.
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb ;
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674),
'On Time.'

The Poverty of Riches

All that we have and are is borrowed.

II. THE POVERTY OF RICHES

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? Is this the bodie's end ?
Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine, to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :—
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616),
Sonnet.

CHRISTIAN. This town of Fair-speech I have heard of, and, as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place.

BYENDS. Yes, I will assure you that it is ; and I have very many rich kindred there.

CHRISTIAN. Pray who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold ?

BYENDS. Almost the whole town ; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech, from whose ancestors that town first took its name : also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything ; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side : and to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality, yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688),
'Pilgrim's Progress.'

THOU art not thyself ;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get.
 And what thou hast, forget'st....

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616),
 'Measure for Measure.'

EXTOL not riches then, the toil of fools,
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
A crown
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
 To him who wears the regal diadem.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674),
 'Paradise Regained.'

THE time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath bene beforene)
 When shepeheardes had none inheritaunce,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe :
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe ;
 For Pan himselſe was their inheritaunce,
 And little them served for their mayntenaunce.
 The shepheard's God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided ;
 Butter enough, honye, milke and whay,
 And their flockes fleeces them to arraye :
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
 And match themselſe with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft ;
 Tho, under colour of shepheards, sometime
 There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and guile,
 That often devoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did hem keepe :
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorrowe,
 That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599),
 'The Shepheards Calender.'

IN the man who takes no heed, craving grows great like the Maluva creeper. He leaps from existence to existence, like the monkey in the forest looking for fruit.

Whoso is overcome of this wretched craving and lust, his sorrows grow and increase like Birana grass after rain.

But whoso overcomes it, this wretched craving so difficult to overcome—his sorrows fall from him as the water-drop falls from the lotus.

To all assembled here this excellent counsel I utter : Dig up the root of craving like the digger of the Birana grass root. Let not Mara break you again, and again, as the river the reed.

As a tree cut down sprouts forth again if its roots remain uninjured and strong ; so the propensity to craving not being done away, this suffering springs up again and again.

Beset of lust, the mass of men run this way and that like a hunted hare. Wherefore of lust be rid, O Bhikkhu, that aspiest to freedom from passion.

Heavy bonds, say the wise, are not those that are made of iron or wood or grass, but rather ardent delight in jewels and ornament, attachment to children and wives.

A weighty bond is this, declare the wise, holding men down, and loose yet hard to be rid of. Cutting this off, some take to the homeless life, looking not back, forsaking pleasure and lust.

From the ' Dhammapada ' or ' Way of Truth.'

(5th Century, B.C.)

(Trans. by Silacara (Bhikkhu).)

VIRTUE then should be desired by all men more than wealth, which is dangerous to the foolish ; for the wickedness of men is increased by wealth. And the more a man is without sense, the more violent is he in excess, for he has the means of satisfying his mad desire for pleasures.

Epictetus (A.D. 50),

(Trans. by George Long.)

"PRISONER, tell me, who was it that bound you ? "
 " It was my master," said the prisoner. " I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house."

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain ? "

"It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (20th Century),
'Gitanjali.'

AND the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then ? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

Then came also publicans to be baptised, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do ?

And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.

And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do ? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely ; and be content with your wages.

Luke iii.

AND when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life ?

And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good ? there is none good but one, that is, God.

Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother.

And he answered and said unto him, Master all these have I observed from my youth.

Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest : go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven : and come, take up the cross, and follow me.

And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved : for he had great possessions.

And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God !

And the disciples were astonished at his words.

But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God !

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God !

And they were astonished out of measure.

Mark x.

O CHILD OF PASSION !

Cleanse thyself from the defilement of riches, and in perfect peace, enter the heavens of Poverty ; then from out the fountain of death, thou shalt drink the wine of immortal life.

O MY SERVANT !

Detach thyself from worldly bonds, and escape from the prison of the self. Seize the passing moment, for it will return to thee no more.

BAHA'U'LLAH (1817-1892),

(Trans. from the Persian).

O YE that are Guardians of My Treasures, glorify their use, and Me in them ! Receive with joy that which I have entrusted to you : for, in your hand, the tool of the worker shall become the sceptre of kings.

O My Servant ! walk thou so, that thy house and thy province shall rejoice that I have made of thee a Steward of My bounty.

It was said of old, Give a tenth of thy substance. I say not unto thee, Give a tenth ! All shall be given for Me ! In this shall be thy joy, that thou art the Steward of My Love ; and in this shall men envy thee, thy delight to give !

A. M. BUCKTON (20th Century),
'Words out of the Silence.'

CUT away the bond of thine own "I" as one cuts the lotus in autumn. Give thyself to following the path of peace, of Nibbana made known by the Blessed One.

"Here shall I live in the season of rain ; here, in the cold season ; here, in the hot " ; thus to himself thinks the fool, all unwitting of what may come between.

Then that man whose delight is in abundance of children and flocks, his mind set upon having and holding, death seizes and carries him off as a great flood a sleeping village.

Refuge is none in children or father or kinsfolk. When thou thyself art assailed of death, kinsmen can give thee no shelter.

This thing thoroughly knowing, the wise, the controlled in conduct delays not to clear for himself the Way that leads to Nibbana.

From the 'Dhammapada,' or 'Way of Truth.'
(5th Century B.C.)

(Trans. by Silacara (Bhikkhu).)

BY the practice of Inner Life stillness
we can continually conquer all things.

By the practice of returning to possessions,
nothing that we conquer will be sufficient for us.

LAO TZU (B.C. 604),
'Tao Teh King.'

(Trans. by Dr. Isabella Mears.)

NO man who loves money, and loves pleasure, and loves fame, also loves mankind, but only he who loves virtue.

Examine yourself whether you wish to be rich or to be happy. If you wish to be rich, you should know that it is neither a good thing nor at all in your power : but if you wish to be happy, you should know that it is both a good thing and in your power, for the one is a temporary loan of fortune, and happiness comes from the will.

As it is better to lie compressed in a narrow bed and be healthy than to be tossed with disease on a broad couch, so also it is better to contract yourself within a small competence and to be happy than to have a great fortune and to be wretched.

Epictetus (A.D. 50),

(Trans. by George Long).

FOR most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labour fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast ;
And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
Death in their prison reaches them,
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).

' A Summer Night.'

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
 "Let us" (said He) "poure on him all we can ;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way,
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottome, lay.

"For if I should" (said He),
 "Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse ;
 Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
 If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
 May tosse him to my breast."

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633).
 'The Pulley.'

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate
 For choosing Barabbas a murderer
 Before the Lord of glorie,
 Look back upon thine own estate,
 Call home thine eye, that busie wanderer,
 That choice may be thy storie.

He that doth love, and love amisse,
 This world's delights, before true Christian joy,
 Hath made a Jewish choice ;
 The World an ancient murderer is ;
 Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
 With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorrie wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd

False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading ;
For he hath sold for money his deare Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633),

'Self-condemnation.'

YOU will find it quite indisputably true that whenever money is the principal object of life with either man or nation, it is both got ill, and spent ill ; and does harm both in the getting and the spending ; but when it is not the principal object, it and all other things will be well got, and well spent. And here is the test with every man, of whether money is the principal object with him, or not. If in mid-life he could pause and say, " Now I have enough to live upon, I'll live upon it ; and having well earned it, I will also well spend it, and go out of the world poor, as I came into it," then money is not principal with him ; but if, having enough to live upon in the manner befitting his character and rank, he still wants to make more, and to *die* rich, then money is the principal object with him, and it becomes a curse to himself, and generally to those who spend it after him.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900),

'Crown of Wild Olive.'

MAMMON, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n ; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674),

'Paradise Lost.'

MONEY, thou bane of blisse and source of woe,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine ?
 I know thy parentage is base and low—
 Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great Kingdome which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
 To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot,

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright :
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we
 Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right ;
 Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633),
 'Avarice.'

HANKER not too much after worldly prosperity—that
 corpulent cigar ; if you became a millionaire you would
 probably go swimming around for more like a diseased
 gold-fish.

Look to it that what you are doing is not merely
 toddling to a competency. Perhaps that must be your
 fate, but fight it and then, though you fail, you may still
 be among the elect of whom we have spoken. Many
 a brave man has had to come to it at last. But there are
 the complacent toddlers from the start.

Sir JAMES BARRIE (20th Century),
 'Courage.'

IN cities should we English lie,
 Where cries are rising ever new,
 And men's incessant stream goes by,
 We who pursue

Our business with unslackening stride,
 Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast,
 The soft Mediterranean side,
 The Nile, the East,

And see all sights from pole to pole,
 And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
 And never once possess our soul
 Before we die.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).

'A Southern Night.'

WHEN I first paddled a boat on Walden, it was completely surrounded by thick and lofty pine and oak woods, and in some of its coves grape vines had run over the trees next the water and formed bowers under which a boat could pass. The hills which form its shores are so steep, and the woods on them were then so high, that, as you looked down from the west end, it had the appearance of an amphitheatre for some kind of sylvan spectacle. I have spent many an hour, when I was younger, floating over its surface as the Zephyr willed, having paddled my boat to the middle, and lying on my back across the seats, in a summer forenoon, dreaming awake, until I was aroused by the boat touching the sand, and I arose to see what shore my fates had impelled me to—days when idleness was the most attractive and productive industry. Many a forenoon have I stolen away, preferring to spend thus the most valued part of the day; for I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days....

But since I left those shores the wood-choppers have still further laid them waste....

Flint's Pond!....What right had the unclean and stupid farmer, whose farm abutted on this sky water, whose shores he has ruthlessly laid bare, to give his name to it? Some skinflint, who loved better the reflecting surface of a dollar, or a bright cent, in which he could see his own brazen face; who regarded even the wild ducks which settled in it as trespassers....

I respect not his labours, his farm where everything has its price, who would carry the landscape, who would carry his God, to market, if he could get anything for him;whose fields bear no crops, whose meadows no flowers, whose trees no fruits, but dollars; who loves not the beauty of his fruits, whose fruits are not ripe for him till they are turned to dollars. Give me the poverty that enjoys true wealth. Farmers are respectable and interesting to me in proportion as they are poor—poor farmers....

White Pond and Walden are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light. If they were permanently congealed, and small enough to be clutched, they would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like precious stones, to adorn the heads of emperors; but being liquid, and ample, and secured to us and our successors for ever, we disregard them, and run after the diamond of Koh-i-noor. They are too pure to have a market-value; they contain no muck. How much more beautiful than our lives, how much more transparent than our characters, are they! We never learned meanness of them. How much fairer than the pool before the farmer's door, in which his ducks swim! Hither the clean wild ducks come. Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven, ye disgrace earth!

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862),
'Walden.'

ILL fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
 Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentler hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more....

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingled notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled....

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise....

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray,
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
 Ev'n children followed, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head....

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies the house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retir'd ;
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round....

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art....

Ye friends of truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 ; Between a splendid and a happy land....

Yet count our gains, this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cloth,
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries of the world supplies,
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall....

O Luxury ; thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !....

And thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly, where sensual joys invade ;....
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774),
 'The Deserted Village.'

HEAR this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to
 make the poor of the land to fail,

Saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may
 sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat,
 making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying
 the balances by deceit ?

The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob,
 Surely I will never forget any of their works....

I will turn your feasts into mourning.

Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I
 will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor
 a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.

Amos viii.

WE say that we are civilized, because we are rich and
 strong and have acquired more knowledge. But to
 the East civilization is self-culture, and it calls us uncivilized
 because we cultivate everything except ourselves. We
 surround ourselves with comfort and with beauty and
 remain unlovely masters of it all.

H. FIELDING HALL (20 Century),
 'The Inward Light.'

ARISE up England, from the smoky cloud
That covers thee, the din of whirling wheels :
Not the pale spinner, prematurely bowed

By his hot toil, alone the influence feels
Of all this deep necessity for gain :

Gain still : but deem not only by the strain
Of engines on the sea and on the shore,

Glory that was thy birthright to retain.

O thou that knewest not a conqueror,

Unchecked desires have multiplied in thee,
Till with their bat-wings they shut out the sun :

So in the dusk thou goest moodily,

With a bent head, as one who gropes for ore,

Heedless of living streams that round him run.

Lord HANMER (1809-1881),

'Fra Cipolla.'

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,

To think that now our life is only drest

For show ; mean handywork of craftsman, cook,

Or groom ! We must run glittering like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;

The wealthiest man among us is the best :

No grandeur now in Nature or in book.

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,

This is idolatry ; and these we adore :

Plain living and high thinking are no more.

The homely beauty of the good old cause

Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,

And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850),

'London, 1802.'

O ENGLAND, full of sinne, but most of sloth !
 Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie.
 Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
 Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy storie ;
 Not that they all are so, but that the most
 Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education :
 Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne ;
 Some mark a partridge, never their childe's fashion ;
 Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
 Studie this art, make it thy great designe ;
 And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
 A mast'ring minde ; so both are lost thereby.
 Or els they breed them tender, make them need
 All that they leave ; this is flat povertie ;
 For he that needs five thousand pounds to live
 Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich is to fill
 His minde with rest, before his trunk with riches :
 For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
 To feel those tempests which fly over ditches ;
 But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,
 Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

Be thrifty, but not covetous ; therefore give
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
 Then live, and use it ; els it is not true
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633),
 'The Church Porch.'

NOW they were come up with the hill Lucre, where the silver mine was, which took Demas off from his pilgrimage, and into which, as some think, By-ends fell and perished ; wherefore they considered that.

But when they were come to the old monument . . . to wit, to the *pillar of salt*, that stood also within view of Sodom, and its stinking lake, they marvelled, as did Christian before, that men of that knowledge and ripeness of wit, as they were, should be so blind as to turn aside here.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688),
' Pilgrim's Progress.'

IT is with the hope of awakening here and there a British man to know himself for a man and divine soul, that a few words of parting admonition, to all persons to whom the Heavenly Powers have lent power of any kind in this land, may now be addressed . . .

The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World ! If there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Captains of Industry consider : once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter ; doomed forever to be no Chivalry, but a mere gold-plated *Doggery*—what the French well name *Canaille*, ' *Doggery* ' with more or less gold carrion at its disposal ? Captains of Industry are the true Fighters . . . Fighters against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils and Jotuns ; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal warfare ; the stars in their courses fighting for them . . . Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts, and ask solemnly, If there is nothing but vulturous hunger, for fine wines, valet reputation, and gilt carriages, discoverable there ? Of hearts made by the Almighty God, I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest god-forgetting Cants, Epicurisms . . . there is

yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the Godlike slumbering.

Awake, O nightmare sleepers ; awake, arise, or be forever fallen ! This is not playhouse poetry ; it is sober fact. Our England, our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down, with nameless throes and fire-consummation to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a Godlike stirring in thee, any faintest intimation of it as through heavy-laden dreams, follow it, I conjure thee.

Arise, save thyself, be one of those that save thy country.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881),
' Past and Present.'

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day ;
Even so, luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
Till, blown away by death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748),
' Summer.'

The Riches of Poverty

The Riches of Poverty

III. THE RICHES OF POVERTY

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616),
'As You Like It.'

THE poverty of men is safe; great riches are exposed
to danger.

PLATO (B.C. 427-347),
'Phædrus.'

O ! THE great happiness, which shepherds have,
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
 With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate
 Of riotise, and semblants outward brave !
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
 Do ever creepe into the shepherd's den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye ;
 Ne glistening of golde, which underlayes
 The summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye ;
 Ne picture's beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by ;
 Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
 Of Bætus or of Alcon's vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away ;
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
 With sundrie colours paints the sprinkled lay :
 There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.
 There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine :
 There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
 And fruitfull Pales, and the forrest greene,
 And darksome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
 Do alwayes flow to quench his thirstie heate.

O ! who can lead, then, a more happie life
 Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
 No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare ;
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
 That in the sacred temples he may reare
 A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
 Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
 And not with skill of craftsman polished :
 He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
 With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered ;
 Ne frankincens he from Panchaea buyth :
 Sweete quiet harbours in his harmless head,
 And perfect pleasure buildes her joyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares that rich men's hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
 To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiet's matchles treasour,
 Content with any food that God doth send ;
 And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
 Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chawed cud's do eate.

O flocks ! O Faunes ! and O ye pleasaunt Springs
 Of Tempe ! where the countrey Nymphs are rife,
 Through whose not costly care each shepherd sings
 As merrie notes upon his rusticke Fife,
 As that Ascraean bard, whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life ;
 Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599),
 ' Virgil's Gnat.'

HAS God cast thy lot amongst the poor of this world,
 by denying thee the plenties of this life, or by taking
 them away? This may be preventing mercy; for much
 mischief riches do to the sons of men.

ROBERT SOUTH (1633-1716).

FROM the Court to the Cottage convey me away !
 For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call " gay " ;
 Where Pride without measure
 And Pomp without pleasure,
 Make life, in a circle of hurry, decay.

Far remote and retired from the noise of the Town ;
 I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown !
 My friends shall be few,
 But well chosen and true ;
 And sweet recreation our evening shall crown !

With a rural repast, a rich banquet to me,
 On a mossy green bank, near some shady old tree,
 The river's clear brink
 Shall afford me my drink ;
 And Tem'rance my friendly Physician shall be !

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
 Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
 I'll neither invoke,
 Nor repine at, Death's stroke !
 But retire from the world, as I would to my rest.

HENRY CAREY (*d.* 1743),
 ' Mrs. Stuart's Retirement.'

HOWEVER mean your life is, meet it and live it ; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in Paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode ; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town ; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old ; return to them. Things do not change : we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said : " From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder ; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought." Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on ; it is all dissipation. Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, " and lo ! creation widens to our view." We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences ; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being

a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862),
'Walden.'

IT is easy to see that Franciscan poverty is neither to be confounded with the unfeeling pride of the stoic, nor with the stupid horror of all joy felt by certain devotees; St. Francis renounced everything only that he might the better possess everything. The lives of the immense majority of our contemporaries are ruled by the fatal error that the more one possesses the more one enjoys. Our exterior, civil liberties continually increase, but at the same time our inward freedom is taking flight; how many are there among us who are literally possessed by what they possess?

Poverty not only permitted the brothers to mingle with the poor and speak to them with authority, but, removing from them all material anxiety, it left them free to enjoy without hindrance those hidden treasures which nature reserves for pure idealists.

The ever-thickening barriers which modern life, with its sickly search for useless comfort, has set up between us and nature did not exist for these men, so full of youth and life, eager for wide spaces and the outer air.

PAUL SABATIER (20th Century),
'Life of St. Francis.'

CONSIDER the lilies how they they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store-house nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

Luke xii.

IN whom is ended lust and love of living and delusion, who cares naught for nourishment, whose abode is emancipation, empty, and independent of conditions, like the way of birds in air, his steps are hard to trace.

Whose senses are mastered like horses well under their driver's control, who is purged of pride, ended with lust and love of life and delusion—such an one even the gods do envy.

Tranquil is the thought, tranquil the word and deed of him who is delivered and brought to stillness through the perfection of wisdom.

Be it in village or in forest, on land or on sea, where-soever the Arahan* dwells, that is a place to delight in.

Delightful are the woods where the crowd finds no delight. The Arahans, the passionless, there shall find delight, seeking not after lust.

Happy indeed we live, we that call nothing our own.
Feeders on joy we shall be, like to the radiant gods.

From the ' Dhammapada '
or ' Way of Truth ' (5th Century B.C.),
Trans. by Silacara (Bhikkhu).

* In Buddhism, one who has attained to the Goal of the Path. The word is allied to "Ariya," which (originally a racial term; as, indeed, it is employed in ethnology today) had then come to indicate nobility of character.

BETWEEN Tupino and the stream that falls
 Down from the hill elect of blessed Ubald,
 A fertile slope of lofty mountain hangs,
 From which Perugia feels the cold and heat
 Through Porta Sole, and behind it weep
 Gualdo and Nocera their grievous yoke.
 From out that slope, there where it breaketh most
 Its steepness, rose upon the world a sun
 As this one doth sometimes from out the Ganges ;
 Therefore let him who speaketh of that place,
 Say not Ascesi, for he would say little,
 But Orient, if he properly would speak.
 He was not yet far distant from his rising
 Before he had begun to make the earth
 Some comfort from his mighty virtue feel.
 For he in youth his father's wrath incurred
 For certain Dame, to whom, as unto death,
 The gate of pleasure no one doth unlock ;
 And was before his spiritual court
Et coram patre unto her united ;
 Then day by day more fervently he loved her.
 She, reft of her first husband, scorned, obscure,
 One thousand and one hundred years and more,
 Waited without a suitor till he came....
 But that too darkly I may not proceed,
 Francis and Poverty for these two lovers
 Take thou henceforward in my speech diffuse.
 Their concord and their joyous semblances,
 The love, the wonder, and the sweet regard,
 They made to be the cause of holy thoughts ;
 So much so that the venerable Bernard
 First bared his feet, and after so great peace
 Ran, and in running, thought himself too slow.
 O wealth unknown ! O veritable good !
 Giles bares his feet and bares his feet Sylvester
 Behind the bridegroom, so doth please the bride !....
 On the rude rock 'twixt Tiber and the Arno
 From Christ did he receive the final seal,

Which during two whole years his members bore.
 When he, who chose him unto so much good,
 Was pleased to draw him up to the reward
 That he had merited by being lowly.
 Unto his friars, as to the rightful heirs.
 His most dear Lady did he recommend,
 And bade that they should love her faithfully.

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321),
 'Paradiso XI.'

(H. W. Longfellow's translation).

JESUS was born a poor child. He was cradled in a manger. In youth, he lived in the poor household of Joseph, a carpenter.

In early manhood he became more poor. It is written that he said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Yet he sought not worldly riches, but said rather, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

O THOU MOST POOR JESUS, grant that we may never seek, as our treasure, the riches of this world, which perish, while corrupting our hearts with pride, envy, jealousy and sloth ; but that we may seek, instead, the inward peace of the kingdom of heaven, which perishes not, and causes not strife, but increases its treasure with every new heart which shares it.

A PRAYER.

(Author unknown.)

I HAD gone a-begging from door to door in the village path, when thy golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all kings!

My hopes rose high and methought my evil days were at an end, and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked and for wealth scattered on all sides in the dust.

The chariot stopped where I stood. Thy glance fell on me and thou camest down with a smile. I felt that the luck of my life had come at last. Then of a sudden thou didst hold out thy right hand and say "What hast thou to give to me?"

Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg! I was confused and stood undecided, and then from my wallet I slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave it to thee.

But how great my surprise when at the day's end I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little grain of gold among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and wished that I had had the heart to give thee my all.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (20th Century.)
'Gitanjali.'

SUME are that hase reches and lufes thaym, and thase are the haldande and the covaytourse of this worlde. Othere are that hase thayme noghte bot thay luffe thayme, and thay walde hafe thayme gladly, and thase are the wrechide beggars of the worlde, and the false folke in religi-yone, and thase are as riche and richere thane the other (in will). And of thame Ihesu saise in the gospelle, that "lyghtere it ware a camelle to passe thurgh a nedill eghe, than the riche to come in to the blysse of heven."

Sume are that hase reches bot thay lufe thaym noghte, noghte-for-thy thay will wele hafe thame; and thase are the gud mene of the worlde that dispendis wele that at thay hase. But fone are of thase!

Yit it are other that hase noghte reches, ne lufes noghte thaym, ne will noght hafe thame: and thase are

the gude folke that are in religione, and thase are sothe-
fastely pure, and thairs es the Ioye of hevene, ffor that es
the benysone of the pure.

Mirror of St. Edmund (1170-1240),
Ms. Thornton.

(Trans. probably by Richard Rolle of Hampole.)

WHAT then, in the last resort, is the source of this
opposition; the true reason of your uneasiness, your
unrest? The reason lies, not in any real incompatibility
between the interests of the temporal and the eternal
orders; which are but two aspects of one Fact, two ex-
pressions of one Love. It lies solely in yourself; in your
attitude towards the world of things. You are enslaved
by the verb "to have": all your reactions to life consist
in corporate or individual demands, appetites, wants....

The very mainspring of your activity is a demand
either for a continued possession of that which you have,
or for something which as yet you have not: wealth, honour,
success, social position, love, friendship, comfort, amuse-
ment.... You hold tight against all comers your own
share of the spoils. You are rather inclined to shirk boring
responsibilities and unattractive, unremunerative toil;
are greedy of pleasure and excitement, devoted to the art
of having a good time. If you possess a social sense, you
demand these things not only for yourself but for your
tribe—the domestic or racial group to which you belong.
These dispositions, so ordinary that they almost pass
unnoticed, were named by our blunt forefathers the
Seven Deadly Sins of Pride, Anger, Envy, Avarice, Sloth,
Gluttony and Lust. Perhaps you would rather call them
—as indeed they are—the seven common forms of egotism...

It is therefore by the withdrawal of your will from its
feverish attachment to things, till "they are under thee
and thou not under them," that you will gradually resolve
the opposition between the recollective and the active sides
of your personality. By diligent self-discipline, that
mental attitude which the mystics sometimes call poverty

and sometimes perfect freedom—for these are two aspects of one thing—will become possible to you. Ascending the mountain of self-knowledge and throwing aside your superfluous luggage as you go, you shall at last arrive at the point which they call the summit of the spirit ; where the various forces of your character—brute energy, keen intellect, desirous heart—long dissipated amongst a thousand little wants and preferences, are gathered into one, and become a strong and disciplined instrument wherewith your true self can force a path deeper and deeper into the heart of reality.

EVELYN UNDERHILL (20th Century),
‘ Practical Mysticism.’

A MAN who has accustomed himself to look at all his circumstances as very mutable, to carry his possessions, his relations to persons, and even his opinions, in his hand, and in all these to pierce to the principal and moral law, and everywhere to find that—has put himself out of the reach of all scepticism ; and it seems as if whatever is most affecting and sublime in our intercourse, in our happiness, and in our losses, tended steadily to uplift us to a life so extraordinary, and, one might say, superhuman.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882),
‘ Essays.’

BECAUSE of your new sensitiveness, anthems will be heard of you from every gutter, poems of intolerable loveliness will bud for you on every weed. Best and greatest, your fellow-men will shine for you with new significance and light. Humility and awe will be evoked in you by the beautiful and patient figures of the poor, their long dumb heroisms, their willing acceptance of the burden of life.

EVELYN UNDERHILL (20th Century),
‘ Practical Mysticism.’

THE mystic or theist is never scared by any startling materialism. He knows the laws of gravitation and of repulsion are deaf to French talkers, be they never so witty. If theology shows that opinions are fast changing, it is not so with the convictions of men with regard to conduct. These remain. The most daring heroism, the most accomplished culture, or rapt holiness never exhausted the claim of these lowly duties—never penetrated to their origin, or was able to look behind their source. We cannot disenchant, we cannot impoverish ourselves, by obedience ; but by humility we rise, by obedience we command, by poverty we are rich, by dying we live.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882),
'Essays.'

OVER and above the mystery of self-surrender, there are in the cult of poverty other religious mysteries. There is the mystery of veracity: "Naked came I into the world," etc., whoever first said that, possessed this mystery. My own bare entity must fight the battle—shams cannot save me. There is also the mystery of democracy, or sentiment of the equality before God of all his creatures. This sentiment (which seems in general to have been more widespread in Mohammedan than in Christian lands) tends to nullify man's usual acquisitiveness. Those who have it spurn dignities and honours, privileges and advantages, preferring to grovel on the common level before the face of God. It is not exactly the sentiment of humility, though it comes so close to it in practice. It is *humanity*, rather, refusing to enjoy anything that others do not share. A profound moralist, writing of Christ's saying, "Sell all thou hast and follow me," proceeds as follows: "Christ may have meant: If you love mankind absolutely you will as a result not care for any possessions whatever, and this seems a very likely proposition. But it is one thing to believe that a proposition is probably true; it is another thing to see it as a fact. It would be obvious. You would

sell your goods, and they would be no loss to you. These truths, while literal to Christ, and to any mind that has Christ's love for mankind, become parables to lesser natures

.... Thus the whole question of the abandonment of luxury is no question at all, but a mere incident to another question, namely, the degree to which we abandon ourselves to the remorseless logic of our love for others."

WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910.),
'Varieties of Religious Experience.'

BECAUSE the storm has stript us bare
Of all things but the thing we are,
Because our faith requires us whole,
And we are seen to the very soul,
Rejoice! From now all meaner fears are fled

Because we have no prize to win
Auguster than the truth within,
And by consuming of the dross
Magnificently lose our loss,
Rejoice! We have not vainly borne and bled.

Because we chose beyond recall
And for dear honour hazard all,
And summoned to the last attack
Refuse to falter or look back,
Rejoice! We die, the Cause is never dead.

LAURENCE BINYON (20th Century).

EVERY man has to learn the points of compass again as often as he awakes, whether from sleep or any abstraction. Not till we are lost—in other words, not till we have lost the world—do we begin to find ourselves, and realise where we are, and the infinite extent of our relations.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862),
'Walden.'

THEREFORE a man should be of good courage concerning his soul, if in this life he has scorned material delights and adornments as foreign to her and to the perfecting of his chosen life. He will have applied himself earnestly to Understanding, and having adorned his soul, not with any alien ornament, but with her own peculiar jewels, Temperance, Justice, Courage, Nobility and Truth, he thus awaits his journey to Hades, in readiness to start whenever the call may come.

PLATO (B.C. 427-347),
'Phædo.'

MANY men rejoice and rejoice
over a supply of good food,
over being in a high and exalted position.
I am calm, I do not feel the slightest emotion,
like a new-born child which cannot yet smile at its
mother,
without attachment to anything,
returning always to the Inner Life.

Many men have superfluous possessions.
I have nothing that I value;
I desire that my heart be completely subdued,
emptied to emptiness.

Men of wealth are in the daylight of prosperity,
I am in the dark.

Men of wealth are endowed with penetration,
I appear confused and ignorant.

Suddenly I am, as it were, on a vast sea,
floating on the sea of Inner Life which is boundless.

Many men are full of ability.
I appear to be stupid and rustic.

Thus am I different from other men.
But I revere the Mother, Sustainer of all beings.

LAO TZU (B.C. 604),
'Tao Teh King.'

(Trans. by Dr. Isabella Mears.)

EMPTY this ship, O Bhikkhu ; emptied, lightly will it
go with thee. From craving and hatred cut off,
thence shalt thou go to Nibbana.

He whose house is emptied, the Bhikkhu of tran-
quillised mind, joy supernal is his in the perfect vision of
the Teaching.

Just as the jasmine sheds its withered blossoms, so
O Bhikkhus, do you shed craving and hatred.

Subdued in deed, subdued in word, tranquil, stilled,
emptied of all appetite for the world—"tranquillised," is
such a Bhikkhu called.

Even a young Bhikkhu who devotes himself to the
Teaching of the Awakened One, he lights up this world
like the moon emerging from behind a cloud.

From the "Dhammapada,"
or 'Way of Truth' (5th Century B.C.).
(Trans. by Silacara (Bhikkhu).)

THE world salle thou over-com thorow covaytyng of Cristes luf, and thynkyng of his swete name, and desire til heven ; for als son as thou feles savowr in Ihesu, the wille thynke alle the werlde noght bot vanite and noye for mennys saules.

Thou wil noght covayte than to be ryche, to have many mantils and faire, many kirtils, many dreurise, bot alle thou wil set at noght, and despise alle, and take na mare than the nedes.

The wille thynke twa mantils or ane Inogh, that nowe has fyfe or sex ; for-thi gyf som til Crist that gas naked and pore, and hald noght til the alle :

The devyl is overcommen when thou standis stabilly agayns alle his fandynge, in sothfaste charite and mekenes.

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE (1290-1349).

Ms. Rawl.

THE sterre led the thre kynges in to Bethleem : there thei fonde Crist in swethil-cloutes simpli, as a poure childe. Tharby understonde that whiles thou art in pryde and vanite, thou fyndest hym not.

How may thou for schame, that art bot servant, with mony clothes and riche folowe thi spouse and thi lord, that went in on kirtil : and thou trailest as myche bihynde the, as al that he had on ?

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE (1290-1349),

Ms. Rawl.

THE nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774),

‘ The Vicar of Wakefield.’

BUT nowe may thou say to me : “how sulde I that es in Relygyone, and noghte hase to gyffe at ete ne at drynke, ne clathes to the nakede, ne herbery to the herberles, ffor I am at other mens will and noghte at mine awene ? ffor-thi ware it better that I ware seculere, that I myghte do thire werkes of mercy.” A, dere frende, be noghte begylede. Better it es to hafe pete and compassion in thi herte of hym that hase mysesse and wrechednes, thane thou hade all this worlde to gyffe for charyte : ffor it es bettir wyth compassion to gyffe thi-selfe, als thou erte, than it es to gyffe that that thou hase. Therefore, dere frende, gyffe thi-selfe, and than gyffes thou mare than es in all this worlde

THE MIRROR OF ST. EDMUND (1170-1240),
Ms. Thornton.

(Trans. probably by Richard Rolle of Hampole.)

AND he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all :

For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God : but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.

Luke xxi.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny, nonny—hey nonny, nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny, nonny—hey nonny, nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER (*b.* 1570),

'The Happy Heart.'

NOW as they were going along, and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself he sung. "Hark," said Mr. Great-heart "to what the shepherd's boy saith": so they hearkened, and he said:—

"He that is down, needs fear no fall;

He that is low, no pride:

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,

Little be it or much:

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,

Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is

That go on pilgrimage:

Here little, and hereafter bliss,

Is best from age to age!"

Then said the guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called *heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688),

'Pilgrim's Progress.'

WELL then ; I now do plainly see,
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd, the buzz, and murmurings
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah ! yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
 May I a small house and large garden have !
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !
 And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian-angels are,
 Only belov'd, and loving me !

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667).

BECAUSE I was content with these poor fields,
 Low open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
 And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
 The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
 And granted me the freedom of their state....
 And through my rock-like, solitary wont
 Shot million rays of thought and tenderness....

For there's no rood has not a star above it,
 The cordial quality of pear or plum
 Ascends as gladly in a single tree
 As in broad orchards resonant with bees....
 And, chiefest prize, I found true liberty
 In the glad home plain-dealing Nature gave.
 The polite found me impolite ; the great
 Would mortify me, but in vain ; for still
 I am a willow of the wilderness,
 Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
 My garden spade can heal....

For thus the wood-gods murmured in my ear :
 “ Dost love our manners, canst thou silent lie ?
 Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like Nature pass
 Into the winter night’s extinguished mood ?

Canst thou shine now, then darkle,
 And being latent feel thyself no less ?

As, when the all-worshipped moon attracts the eye,
 The river, hill, stems, foliage are obscure,
 Yet envies none, none are enviable.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882).
 ‘ Musketaquid.’

IS there for honest Poverty
 That hings his head, an’ a’ that ;
 The coward slave—we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a’ that !
 For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
 Our toils obscure an’ a’ that,
 The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
 The Man’s the gowd for a’ that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, an’ a’ that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A Man’s a Man for a’ that :
 For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
 Their tinsel show, an’ a’ that ;
 The honest man, tho’ e’er sae poor,
 Is king o’ men for a’ that.

Ye see yon birkie ca’d “ a lord,”
 Wha struts, an’ stares, an’ a’ that ;
 Tho’ hundreds worship at his word,
 He’s but a coof for a’ that :
 For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
 His ribband, star, an’ a’ that ;
 The man o’ independent mind,
 He looks an’ laughs at a’ that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that ;
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
 (As come it will for a' that),
 That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Its comin' yet for a' that,
 That Man to Man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796),
 ' A Man's a Man for a' that.'

THE greater the man, the less he needs.

VON MOLTKE (1800-1891).

NOT to desire to be ministered unto, but rather to minister; never to make it my object to live in ease, plenty, luxury, and independence.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).
 From his "Notebook."

FOR thy body require few comforts, that thy powers may unveil to thee their wonder, and suffice thee !

A. M. BUCKTON (20th Century),
 ' Words out of the Silence.'

BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Proverbs xv.

MAKE your manner of eating neither luxurious nor gloomy, but lively and frugal, that the soul may not be perturbed through being deceived by the pleasures of the body, and that it may despise them.

EPICETUS (A.D. 50).

(Trans. by George Long).

WE must remember that our portion of temporal things is but food and raiment. God hath not promised us coaches and horses, rich houses and jewels, Syrian silks and Persian carpets.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667).

THE needs of different people vary, the rich are not to be required to use the same food as the poor, but may have such food as their infirmity has made necessary for them, while at the same time they ought to lament that they require this indulgence.

SAINT AUGUSTINE (353-430).

I HATE the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule, and dinners at the best taverns.

The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined ; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882),
' Friendship.'

WHAT though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal'.
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year :
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune :
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in making muckle mair ;
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
 Wi' never ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless, and fearless,
 Of either heav'n or hell !
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gi'e the wit o' age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They mak us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796),
 'To Davie.'

OH! if we draw a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
 Bad is our bargain!
 Was it not great? Did not he throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen)—
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment.
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure:
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes:
 Hence with life's pale lure!"
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit :
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him !
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889),
 ' A Grammarian's Funeral.'

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